



AMERICAN "ROCKS."

THE MATERIAL USED IN REPAIRING MANY TOTTERING ESTATES OF THE EUROPEAN NOBILITY.



#### A SUMMER SONG.

IN SUMMERTIME, in Summertime,  
Ere harvest follows Maying,  
I would I were where wild flowers are,  
Where pleasant paths are straying;  
To leave behind the torrid town,  
Its sordid hearts and faces;  
To weave day-dreams by tinkling streams  
In quiet country places.

In Summertime, in Summertime,  
While all the birds are singing —  
With tuneful throats whose jocund notes  
Set all the wildwood ringing —  
To watch the fleecy clouds sail by  
Across the azure ether,  
Among the flowers to pass the hours  
Of this sweet Summer weather!

In Summertime, in Summertime,  
My heart keeps ever turning,  
For change of scene for pastures green,  
Oh! yearning, always yearning;  
For where the breeze sings through the trees " " "  
It's hot here as darnation!  
While I hope still the old man will  
Soon give me my vacation.

Roy L. McCardell.

#### HER NEW HAT.

POET.—I hear you were a great success as a graduate. Your friend said something about a poem. I would like you to show it to me.  
GLADYS.—Why, I have it on!

#### IN CHICAGO.

"Then you don't take your husband for better or worse?"

"No; for life, or during good behavior."

"WRIGHT is a very nice fellow, even with his Custom-house views."  
"Custom-house views?"  
"Yes; he looks upon life as consisting entirely of duties — religious, political, and social."

THE NEW Woman seems to like to hear the old, old story.

THE MEDICAL profession divide humanity into two classes: the poor whom they cure, and the rich whom they doctor.

IF IT seems queer to commit an impassioned speech to memory, what shall we say of the bard who pours out the music of his soul with the corn-popping click of the typewriter?

WHEN THE tramp sees a thing that he wants very much, his mouth beers for it.

#### YOU TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

"What is meant by local option?"

"Local option means that each community shall decide for itself whether liquor shall be sold in liquor saloons or in drug stores."

#### A THEORY.

WING.—Have you found out who stole your wife's jewelry?

KING.—I think that detective did. If he did n't he could n't possibly know so much about how it was done.

#### THE ENTHUSIAST.

He had no use for a "toff,"  
At all foreign customs he'd scoff,  
Yet, but twice at the links,  
Converted, he thinks  
There's nothing else in it with "goff."

"HOW DRY it is!"

"Yes; we need rain badly."

"Er—would n't beer do as well?"

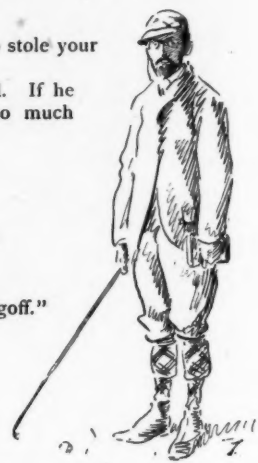
JASPAR.—Curry is the architect of his own fortunes, is he not?

JUMPUPPE.—Yes; and when he built it he did not provide it with any exits.

CUSTOMER (looking over the stock).—

I can't see a useful thing in all your stock!

SILVERSMITH.—Of course you can't! These are all wedding presents.



"I love the light," he murmured;  
But she did n't know at that  
Whether to use peroxide,  
Or merely anti-fat.

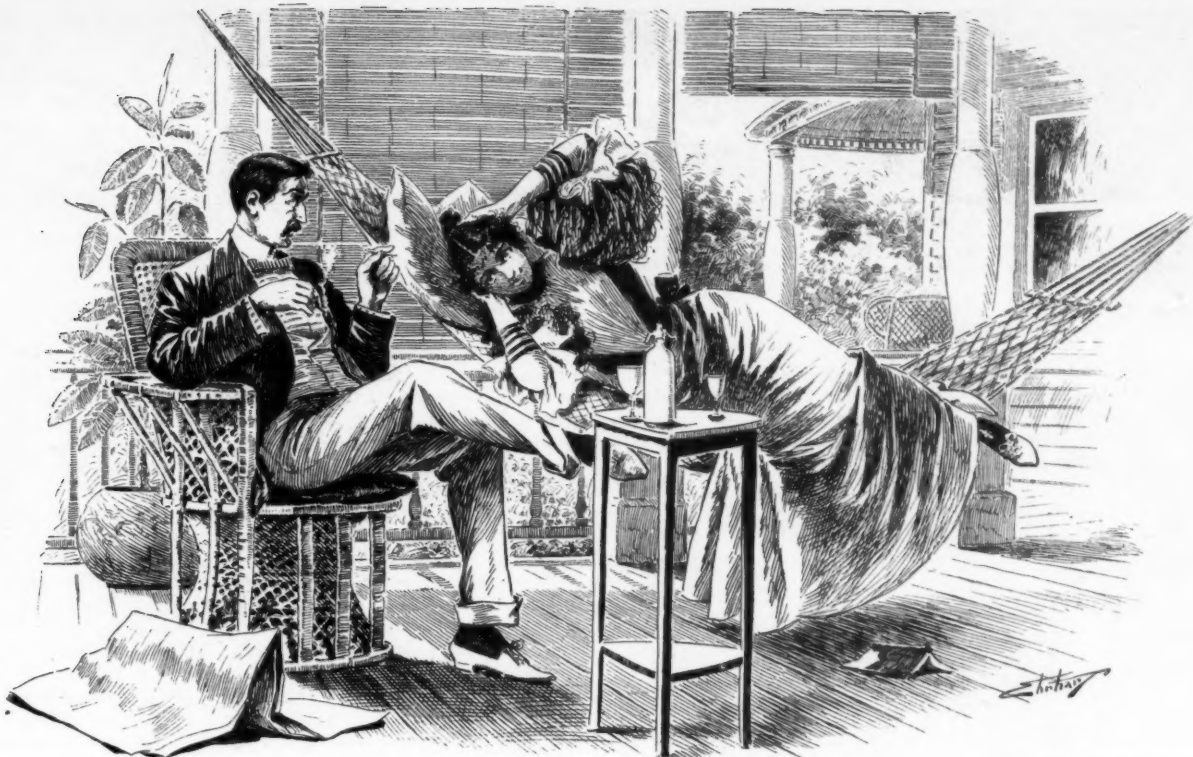


#### ENVIIOUS.

SWIPESY.—Say! dey'd hev to build a high fence to keep a feller from seein' a ball game, if he had a neck like dat!

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A SHORT CUT TO WEALTH.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—You never suggest an economical idea.  
YOUNG WIFE.—Yes, I do! I suggested that we should buy a pug to eat the scraps we throw away, and you laughed at me.

HOW THE GHOST LIMPED.

**B**ACKER OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" COMPANY.—I've raised a set of cases on me joolery, gents, an' you can step up an' divvy.

ALI BABA DESMOND.—Thanks, me boy; it was needed. With this double saw-horse I can hie me back to York in time to strike a fat with Pettigrew's Minstrels.

MR. FATIMA BURGEE.—You ain't never squealed on us yet, Mister Lithgow, an' I'm much obliged. I've been wearin' gauze an' spangled skirts so long I'm 'most ashamed to hit the sidewalk in breeches; but I must ketch the Philly express. Ajieu!

FIRST THIEF, ROBINSON.—It's the first tenner I've seen since Christmas, sir, an' I'm glad t' get it. (*Kisses the bill and folds it in his neck-tie.*)

SECOND THIEF, PARKER.—Mine's in gold! Heads fer faro, tails fer th' wheel. (*Flips the coin.*) Faro it is. (*Dusts.*)

BACKER.—Come, Dilworthy! don't be bashful; here's yours, THIRD THIEF.—It seemed so good, sir, I wanted t' anticipate it a bit. Thanks!

(*During the next ten minutes ten more thieves, comprising the balance of the "forty," are paid and leave.*)

PROPERTY MAN.—I'm thinkin' of startin' a Monte Cristo company, Mr. Lithgow. If you'll give me all th' props, includin' th' Sesame cave, jewels an' plate, I'll strike off five dollars of th' fifteen you owe me.

THE BACKER (*quicker than lightning, for fear PROPS. will reconsider*).—They're yours! Here's th' ten.

SMALL BOY (*who has been employed in all capacities and rôles*).—Mr. Lithgow.

THE BACKER.—What is it, Tommy?

SMALL BOY.—You ain't seen any money for so long, ain't you 'fraid you'll git nervous an' pay it all out afore we gits ours?

THE BACKER.—I reck'n not. (*Opens cash-box and peeps in.*) By the shoes of Julius Cæsar! they's only a dollar an' a half left!

SMALL BOY (*with tears in his eyes*).—I was reckonin' on gittin' enough t' have my hair cut, so 's my mother would know me when I git through poundin' ties.

THE BACKER (*thoughtfully*).—I say, Tommy, I've got to travel a long way to get home; have got an expensive family, with two daughters at boardin'-school, an' a span of horses out to pasture, an' I want to make a proposition. You take th' fifty cents an' I'll keep th' dollar. Is it a go?

SMALL BOY (*huskily*).—I s'pose it's got ter be. (*Curtain.*)

UNHEARD.

COBBLE.—I hear that you are deaf to your creditors.  
STONE.—How can it be otherwise? I'm over my ears in debt.

"ONE THING I have just discovered,"  
Said the tramp just after his flight;  
"That dog over there has got a bark  
That ain't half as bad as his bite!"



AT NIAGARA.

TOURIST.—Glorious, is n't it?  
HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—It ain't what it used to be.  
TOURIST.—What is the matter?  
HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—Too many hotels.



## STRAY NOTES AND COMMENTS ON HIS SIMPLE LIFE.

## I.

## MR. CHEDBY ON A REGULAR NUISANCE.

"IT SEEMS quite possible," I said to my wife; "and if Chedby ever had anything of his own that I could possibly use, I should certainly go down and make a pretense of borrowing it, just to get a look about the place. But I hardly know the man, long as he's been here, and I should suppose he might think it strange if I dropped in there at this late date with no ostensible reason—that is, of course, if it *is* so."

My wife pondered a moment, and then came to my rescue.

"You might go down on your afternoon walk," she suggested, "and ask him if that dog that strayed in here yesterday belongs to him."

"That's a good idea," said I; "I'll put the dog in a leash, and take him right down there."

"I don't think I would take the dog down with you, dear," my wife said, thoughtfully.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, you know best, my dear," she replied meekly; "but I only thought that if you were just to say that the dog had strayed in here, and that he seemed to be quite a valuable fox-terrier—"

"I see," I said, with a sudden flash of illumination; "and he's such a really valuable animal that I hate to take the responsibility of keeping him."

"I think it would be well, my dear," said my wife, sedately. "The poor creature cried all night in the cellar, and neither of our dogs will have him about the place."

Inside of half an hour I presented myself at Mr. Chedby's gate. He lived the better part of a mile away from me, near the River Road.

I found Mr. Chedby industriously pulling an iron roller up and down the bit of grass-plot which is known in our suburban community by a polite and friendly fiction as a "lawn." The roller was old, and of a somewhat battered appearance, and, being unusually small and light, it carried in its inside, beside the usual complement of weights, an extra one in the shape of a small iron glue-kettle, which had been filled up solidly with melted lead. Mr. Chedby greeted me cordially, but he responded to my inquiry with something like suspicion.

"I did lose a fox-terrier," he said, after some hesitation, "but it was most two weeks ago, and I guess he's been snapped up long ago. He was a fine-blooded dog. Is the one you've got a fine-blooded dog?"

I assured him that the dog's blood was the finest of the fine, and this seemed to encourage him to think that it might be his dog, after all; but I could not help feeling that he had his doubts about the genuineness of my enthusiasm. And, for a fact, when you come to think of it, it does not look natural and unaffected to be too honest in horse and dog matters.

This became quite evident when, on Mr. Chedby's proposing to look in on me sometime in the course of the week to see if he could identify the dog, I had the indiscretion to urge him to fix an earlier date. This chilled his interest to such an extent that he hastily decided that it could not be his dog, and that if it was, he didn't want him, anyway.

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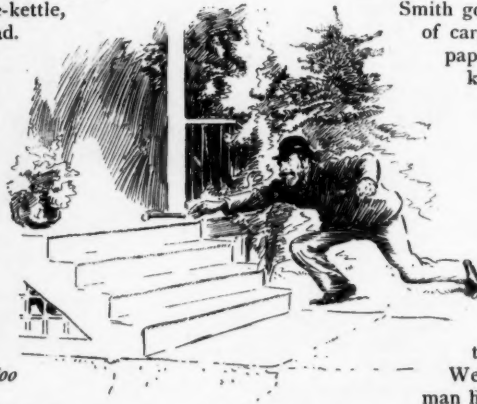
He must have seen the disappointment on my face, for he went on talking in a soothing strain.

"The fact is, Mr. Sage," he said, as he and the roller drew up in front of me, "the fact is that a man who lives in one of these Suburban towns never knows half the time what he has got and what he has n't got. I don't know; that may be my dog, or it may not. Again, it may be some other man's dog; and I've got so now that I sometimes think I don't care." He stacked himself up against the roller handle, and began to discourse with the air of a heavy philosopher.

"Yes, sir," he said; "that's the state we're in in these suburban towns; and do you know what, in my opinion, is the cause that brings it about? It's the borrowing habit, sir; the borrowing habit! The borrowing habit has got so grafted on us that I find it mighty hard, sometimes, to keep out of the way of the fatal infection that I see all around me. It begins—it strikes in—just as soon as a man moves here from the city. Take this family that moved in next door, for instance, two days ago. I don't suppose they'd ever known what it was to borrow a thing before in their lives, but, Lord! they caught the disease right off. First, they borrowed a box-opener from the man next door on the other side. Then they sent over the way and borrowed a drawing of tea. Then, by Jove! they came over here and borrowed some hot water out of the kitchen kettle to make the tea with. Well, I don't say anything against that. Of course,

when you move into a strange place you have to depend upon your neighbors a little. I had to do it, myself, when I first moved out here. But I only mention it to show how the disease begins. It will be milk next; they always want to borrow milk. Then it will go on to butter and eggs. Sugar, of course, and tea and coffee right along—that's the regular thing. Pretty soon it will be a bucket of coal or a barrow load of kindlings. Then they get to hanging pictures and putting up shelves around the house, and then it's hammers and saws and nails. Hammers and saws sometimes come back. When you go after them, but nails, never! I knew a man who lent a keg of nails, once, to his neighbor's wife. Some months afterward he met the neighbor, and the neighbor says to him: 'Oh, Smith, did n't my folks borrow some brads or nails or some blame thing or other from you a while ago? I'll tell my hardware man to send them up to you.' Well, when Smith got home, what do you think he found? A paper of carpet tacks from the hardware dealer. Yes, sir; a paper of carpet tacks. Did he kick? Not much. He knew he was lucky to get even that. And, talking about hammers, I can tell you the funniest story, just to show you how this borrowing habit weakens a man's sense of individual ownership in property. Some time ago I missed a hammer that I'd been working with, and had left on the front stoop for a half an hour or so. Next day I met a man—I won't say who he is—but he don't live far from here, and says he to me, 'Oh, Chedby, I was going along the street here the other day, and I saw the hammer I lent you lying on your front stoop. I happened to need it just then, so I took it along with me.'

Well, sir, I did n't say anything to him; but that man had no more right to that hammer than you have; and it did n't look anything like his hammer. The hammer he took belonged to Robinson, down the road here, and his hammer was up in the garret in my tool-chest all the time. But, of course, I had to tell Robinson when he came out for his hammer. And I understand that there's been a coolness between the two of them ever since. Well, you could n't expect anything else. That's one of the indirect effects of the disease. Oh, I tell you, the borrowing habit is the curse of suburban





life. It's got to be a regular nuisance, sir; a regular unmitigated, unqualified damned nuisance, if you'll excuse the profanity."

Here Mr. Chedby paused and mopped his perspiring forehead. The sinking sun glowed red through the evening haze. It reminded me that my homeward walk up the hill would take me longer than the journey down; and that the real purpose of my mission had been accomplished, even though I had n't got rid of the dog.

"Mr. Chedby," I said, as I turned away, "when you are quite through with using that roller, will you be so kind as to send your man up to my place with it? I've got a lot of new lawn to roll, or I'd be happy to spare it to you as much longer as you want it. But if you can send your man up with it in the morning, I'll be much obliged. (He had no man; but it is a polite suburban fiction to assume that everybody keeps one.)

If I had cherished any hopes of disturbing Mr. Chedby's serenity, I should have been disappointed.

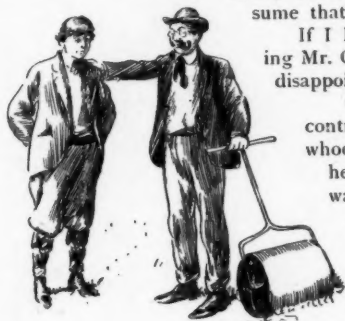
"Sho!" he said, "is that queer old contraption yours? I was just wondering whoever owned it. I got it down the street here at Higginbotham's. The family was n't at home, and there was nobody that could tell me anything about it. Why, that old thing has been kicking about this neighborhood for more than six months."

"More than a year, I think, Mr. Chedby," said I. "You'll send your man up with it in the morning?"

Mr. Chedby looked at the roller and then at the long road up the hill to my house. Then he turned to me in a burst of hearty cordiality.

"Why, I am clean through with it," he said. "I would n't have kept you out of it a minute if I'd known you wanted it. You take it right along with you now. Don't mind about me. My work can wait. Take it right along!"

I thanked him kindly, but I told him that it would be quite time enough if his man brought it up in the morning.



#### HIS OWN.

"How did you come to tell me that Piquok is well-liked? I find him the most unpopular man I ever ran across — everybody despises him!"

"With one exception; — and that person's opinion of him brings the average way up."

#### AN ISSUE 'IN DOUBT.

STRANGER. — I was over to your court-house to-day, at the murder trial. I don't see why the jury deliberates so long; the prisoner proved a complete alibi.

RESIDENT (Boomertown, Oklahoma). — Wal, I would n't like to gamble on the result. This is the first chance for a hangin' since the new jail's bin built; an' local pride's at stake!

#### TURNINGS.

"Ah!" sighed the young poet; "I thought it the turning point in my career when I turned in my first poem; but it did not turn out as I expected."

"And how was that?" inquired eagerly the girl-who-hung-upon-his-words.

"The editor turned it down," answered the poet sadly.

And then the conversation turned from Literature to Art.

IF AT first you don't succeed in picking a winner, don't try again.

"MONEY MAKES the mare go." It also aids in the race of the dark horse political candidate.



#### PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN.

FARMER. — I would n't say "no mosquitos" in that advertisement.

DAUGHTER. — Why, Pa, everybody says that!

FARMER. — I know; but it just makes folks think about 'em.



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#### PRESENCE OF MIND.

PROPRIETOR. — Are you hurt much, my poor fellow?

ISAACS. — T'ree t'ousand dollars vort'; but I vill compromise mid you for two t'ousand cash!

#### NOT IN THE MARKET.

PLUGWINCH. — I understand that Lameduck has several marriageable daughters.

SAMJONES. — U'm — he had till lately.

PLUGWINCH. — Oh! then they are married.

SAMJONES. — No; — he failed last year.

#### A "MAX." RECITATION.

PROF. HADEM (author of "Hadem's Greek Grammar"). — What kind of hair did the ancient Greeks have?

FRESHMAN BALL. — They had — a-hem! (pause — inspiration) — gray hair.

#### HE'D GET EVEN.

FOND PARENT. — I wish, Bobby, that I could be a little boy again.

BOBBY. — I wish you could, — littler than me.

JASPAR. — Where did you dine to-day?

JUMPUPPE. — At Big-head's café.

JASPAR. — Bighead's restaurant you mean, don't you?

JUMPUPPE. — No. He has had mirrors put in the swinging half-doors and now he calls it a café.

HELEN COULD N'T wear the sack of Troy when she got it.

PUCK.

# WANTED--A REVISION.

**D**OET, YOU 'VE shown, in lines that can not die,  
How puerile man must on his cook rely;  
That books may go, your tuneful lyre be stilled,  
But human stomachs must, perforce, be filled.

Without our Bridget, then, we can not live,  
And your full meed of praise to her we give;  
You've proved your point, Sir Poet; now, we pray,  
How to live *with* her you will show the way.

Ros L. Hendrick.

## THE FOUNDATION OF STATESMANSHIP.

**EASTERN MAN.**—I never could understand why the people in your State keep sending old Hoggins to the Senate. They can't help but know he is corrupt and an illiterate boor.

**WESTERN MAN.**—Yes; but — (*proudly*) — he never wore a necktie in his life!

## OUTCLASSED.

**WING.**—Strapped again, eh? Too bad! but did n't your last play take?

**FLIES.**—Oh, yes; but it could n't hold a candle to our business manager.

**I**N THE lexicon of fortune we go up hill on our feet and down on a bicycle.



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## A CINCH.

**OLD MEMBER** (*giving NEW MEMBER his first lesson in boxing at the Club's gymnasium*).—Now mind, Downey; you understand the rules! No hitting below the belt!

## NOT PERSONA GRATA.

**STAPLETON.**—I wonder why Flipjack hates Peawick so.

**CALDECOTT.**—Does he?

**STAPLETON.**—Intensely! I heard him allude to him yesterday as "a well-meaning man."

## A QUESTION OF GENDER.

**HOJACK.**—It is incorrect to call a girl an angel.

**TOMDIK.**—Why?

"You'll admit that the most reliable information about angels is to be found in the Bible?

"Yes."

"Well, every angel the Bible mentions is of the masculine sex."

**STONE WALLS** do not always a prison make so much as do the stones that must be cracked.



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## WILLING TO OBLIGE.

**MRS. DOGOOD.**—You've had your dinner; now suppose you earn it.

**DUSTY RHODES.**—Very happy, Mum! Did you ever hear me recite "The Bells?"

## A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

**SENIOR.**—True, this is not one of the great universities, being only a commercial college; but really I think we should have a characteristic cry.

**FRESHMAN.**—What's the matter with "C-a-a-sh!"



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## GREAT- LUCK.

**VISITOR** (*on the morning of the 5th*).—You appear to have had bad luck yesterday.

**YOUNG AMERICA.**—Bad luck? Not much! Why, I did n't get this till I was shootin' off my last lot of fireworks!





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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## AN HOUR OF FAME.

THIS is the time of year—just before the intensest Mid-summer heats bring in their crop of sensations to the newspaper mill—that, as you open your morning journal at the breakfast table, you find yourself confronted by a crude but conspicuous outline portrait of a face which you certainly do not know, although there is something about some of its features which vaguely stirs your memory. It is the face of a solid and substantial-looking citizen, just in the full bloom of strength and middle life—safely beyond the follies and temptations of youth, and as yet far from the weaknesses of age. As a rule he wears a chin-beard; although sometimes he is clean-shaven, and occasionally wears a full-beard. In nine cases out of ten, however, the chin-beard is the chosen decoration; and the reason for this preference becomes obvious as soon as you try to make a guess at what manner of man it is who is thus pictured to your view. For, as you look at him, you see that he might be almost anything. His face expresses wisdom, firmness, intelligence, energy, and pretty nearly anything else you want it to express. He might be a railroad superintendent, a millionaire Western farmer, a successful inventor, an ex-army officer, the organizer of a Sunday-school union, the owner of a big racing stable, an authority on tubercular diseases in cattle, or anything else that is n't hereditary and does n't conflict with his being self-made. Having seen this much, it is hardly necessary for you to look below the picture and read:

DAVID GINGHAM THOMPSON.

Prominently Mentioned in the Yellow Hay Region as  
the Coming Candidate for the Presidency.

Then, perhaps, you cast a listless eye over the biographical sketch below, wondering how any man could be so much and do so much within a thousand miles of you, and without the least ghost of a suspicion on your part; until you reflect that the biographer has undoubtedly manipulated his article as skillfully as the artist has re-drawn and re-touched and re-modeled the face until he had made it, as St. Paul thought he was made, "all things to all men,"—guaranteed to exhibit no feature offensive to any class of voter, from a bishop to a bar-tender. You have forgotten portrait and name by the next day. And yet, so weak a thing is human nature that, when a knowing friend meets you and asks you what you think of David Gingham Thompson for president, and you start in to say that you don't know who David Gingham Thompson is, he has no difficulty in bluffing you into eating your own words. "What? Nonsense! Of course you know David Gingham Thompson—The man who did—" this, that, or the other thing. You weakly yield, partly because the three names frighten you—you could deny a D. G. Thompson or a David G. Thompson, but the whole broadside is too much for you—and mostly because you want to be knowing, too. And on such a poor, pitiful basis as this, the name of Thompson is bandied around the country in the idlest weeks of the idle year before election year—the time when anybody can be president. And great is the check which Thompson will put up for the campaign fund, and great is the enthusiasm with which he throws himself into the party service. Of course, in this convention he can be only a dark horse, but—he is not prepared to speak at present—but—assurances have been given him—from certain quarters, and—What, a hundred dollars for the life and drum corps?—certainly, certainly!

And what will poor Thompson get for it all? Why, just this, some day which we hope may not come until he has learnt that life has better prizes than presidential nominations:

"Deceased was a well-known citizen, and a member of the ——— party, and was at one time mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidential nomination."

## THE WILY SILVERITE.

TWO significant moves have been made by the leaders of the Free Silver campaign in the last few days. One was to incorporate under the laws of the United States a secret society having for its object the remonetization of silver. The other was to secure the publication of an interview with Senator Stewart in which he declares that marriages are decreasing on account of the crime of 1873. Here, evidently, is a deep-laid plan to capture the whole mass of voters, married and single, for Free Silver. It has been many years, thanks to the comic papers, since a married man dared to excuse his late home-coming by alleging enforced attendance at his lodge.

The lodge plea in its prime was simple and effective, and the plan of the Silverites to revive its ancient glory shows that they have probed the depths of masculine weakness. Here is a new lodge which a man may join and still look his wife in the face. Is he detained abroad until, as the old lodge jokes used facetiously to put it, "the wee sma' hours," he has only to assert that he has been engaged in some mystic rite intended to rescue the people from the Wall Street gold bugs. We look to see this lodge grow rapidly. And, when you come to think about it, what is more fitting than that the cause of Free Silver should be promoted by a secret society? The benefits to result from the free coinage of silver have never yet been divulged to the world, despite the well-meant efforts of the Silverites. Either the champions of silver have discovered some occult process of reasoning hitherto undivined, or else they have despaired of winning converts in open controversy. The latter, we regret to say, is the more probable supposition, but the former is the more interesting. We shall wait patiently for any new light that may come, and we congratulate the married men that may join the new lodge for the help it can give them in glossing over homely truths. It is harder to speak about Senator Stewart's allegation that marriage is dying out because of the crime of 1873. The Senator says that nowadays the parents of a would-be bride always ask what the young man's income is. But, if we have read history and romance aright, this was the custom of parents long prior to 1873. So far back as the day when Jacob met Rachel at the well of Haran, it will be remembered, parents were not indifferent to the worldly affairs of their daughters' suitors. Laban, who could never have heard of the crime of 1873, managed to get fourteen years of hard labor out of Jacob before he delivered up the well-favored Rachel. Senator Stewart says, also, that the young man of to-day finds it hard to support a wife, because the demonetization of silver made prices fall. Here we get back to the secret society. Its first business should be to explain to the initiated why it is harder to live when it is easier to live. We don't believe any other lodge has so impressive a secret in its possession. Until this secret is divulged, we shall continue to believe that Jacob could get about twelve years off his sentence to-day, especially if he were one of the 250,000 workmen whose wages have been increased in the last sixty days.

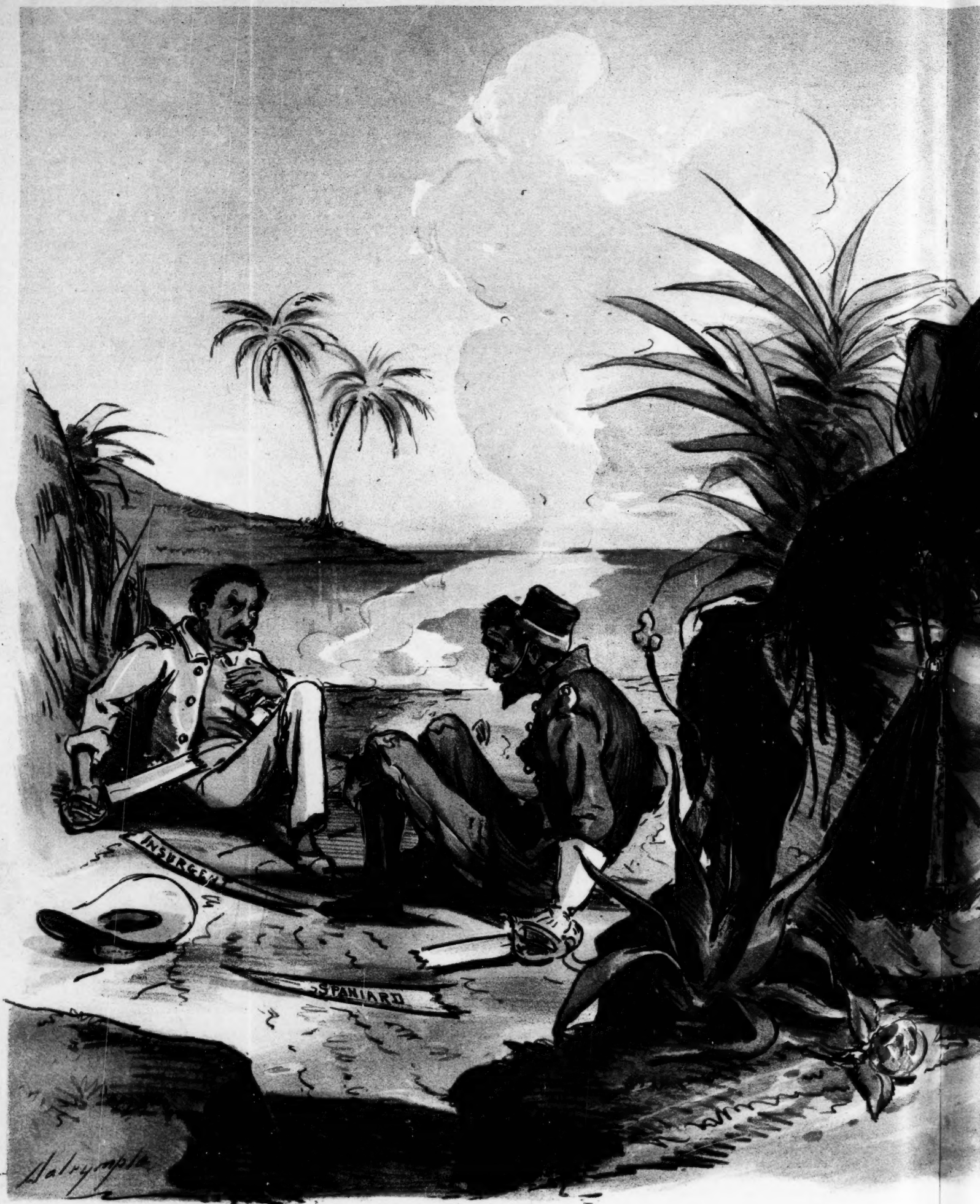


## SOME OF THEM GET MARRIED.

MRS. NORRIS.—I wonder why they print the marriages over the death notices?

MR. NORRIS.—Probably to show that not all the fools are dead yet.

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SOME TIME IN THE  
WHEN INSURGENT AND SPANIARD HAVE WORN THEMSELVES OUT FIGHTING FOR





J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York

E IN THE FUTURE.

IGHTING FOR CUBA, UNCLE SAM MAY STEP IN AND COMFORT THE FAIR DAMSEL.

THE NEW MAN.



"ERE," she said, impressively, "I have a book personally descriptive of American female writers and their admirable contributions to literature."

"I shall take it—," he began, She beamed, and opened her order-book. "—if," he continued, suavely, "it does not say of a certain writer: 'She is prouder of her pork pies than of her poems.'"

"I—I believe in one biography there is mention of something of the sort."

"Is there an assertion that another author pays attention to every detail of her house-work, and takes particular pains that dust shall never be permitted to gather in her domain?"

"I—I think there is."

"Does one paragraph declare that a well-known novelist makes a boast of darning her table damask with number one hundred and fifty thread?"

"I recall a reference to that effect."

"And is it averred of another celebrity that she fashions and remodels her gowns with such skill that her neighbors and associates believe them Parisian-made?"

"That is, indeed, said of a brilliant poetess."

"And is it also asserted in any part that a popular woman of the pen takes more pleasure, in the knowledge that the suppers prepared in the chafing-dish by her own hands are exceedingly successful, than in the popularity of her novels?"

"There"—*(faintly)*—"is something of the sort."

"So I supposed. When you bring me a book, dealing with what women have done in literature, without any apology for their having presumed to do it, I shall gladly buy the volume. I have not read that Ruskin put his ability for chopping kindling-wood above his brilliant criticism. I never heard that the chief argument in favor of Howells was his deftness in putting up stove-pipes. It is yet to be announced that Riley takes less pride in his poems than in whitewashing a cellar. There may be people who think that a compensatory domestic sop should be offered to the Cerberus of mediocrity by every woman who ventures to send her soul beyond the four walls of the kitchen. But such people would not buy the book, anyway. They would borrow it. They shall not borrow it from me. Good-morning!"

Kate M. Cleary.

THE GREAT trouble with the average purse-strings is that they are the owner's heart-strings.



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THE PRIDE OF HIS ALMA MATER.

MRS. MALONEY.—An' how is your Patsey getting along at college, phwere his Uncle Moike sint him?

MRS. O'CALLAHAN.—Sure, he's havin' the devil's own toime! He slugs the loife out av thim in the boxing-class, and already he's nearly kilt three polacemen in New Haven.

MRS. MALONEY.—Arrah! A college eddication is a folne thing!



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AN INTERFERENCE.

PLUMBER (to CARPENTERS, working above).—Dom yez! If yez don't stop that hammerin' Oi'll tell th' contractor that yez do be interferin' wid my part av th' wor-ruk.

CARPENTERS.—How are we interfering with your work?

PLUMBER.—How do yez expect me to slape wid all thot hammerin' an' poundin' goin' on over my head all th' toime?

A SUMMER DELICACY.

THE WHITE COW (*gleefully*).—Did you see that young city fellow out with the city girl, gathering wild flowers?

THE MULEY COW.—Yes; they go through the pasture here every day.

THE WHITE COW.—Well, he had them in his straw hat, and when they sat on the stile to rest she put her straw hat over his to keep the sun from them, and I—ha! ha!—I ate the whole business as a sandwich.



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THE HORRID MAN.

BELLE.—I think Charley is just too mean for anything!

MARIE.—What is the matter?

BELLE.—You remember that lovely pen-wiper I gave him? Well, I saw it the other day, and it's all full of ink-stains.

EVIDENTLY HYPNOTIC.

BORAX (*yawning*).—Well, this is an awfully stupid novel!

SAMJONES.—One of these hypnotic stories, I suppose?

BORAX.—I guess so. Somebody must have hypnotized the publisher, or he'd never have taken it.

AN EXAGGERATION.

CHOLLY.—I hear some of Miss Passé's friends allude to her as an "End of the Century Girl."

JESS (*sweetly*).—Dear me! She is n't as old as that!

HER RIGHT.

MRS. BRISK (*severely*).—Maud, when I looked into the parlor last night your head was resting on Mr. Huggins's bosom!

MISS MAUD BRISK.—Yes, Mama; but that is my vested right now—dear Walter had just proposed.



PUCK.

# IT'S ALL IN THE KNOWING HOW.

**F**IRST DEALER.—Did you sell that woman a horse?

SECOND DEALER.—Yes.

"I offered her one for one hundred and fifty dollars, worth every cent of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, but she would n't look at it."

"Yes; I saw you. I sold her one worth about one hundred dollars, because I told her it had been marked down to one hundred forty-eight dollars and ninety-seven cents."

## TWO VICTIMS.

LEA.—I lent Caddington a V. Afterward we boarded the same car; he got it changed and paid his own fare, only! What do you think of that for smallness?

PERRINS.—Well, I don't know that it's any worse than Fulljames's generosity. I lent him five, and he blew it in treating me.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

### PALACE AND COTTAGE.

**Bungtown Buzzsaw.**—Squire Yonkers will soon domicile his family in his palatial mansion on Hickory Lane, that he has lately built at a cost of not less than \$4,500.

**New York Shiner.**—The Astorvond cottage at Newport was lately remodeled at a cost of \$200,000.

OH, the roll of fame is very fine,  
And many souls it thrills  
With joy;—but it is less divine,  
Methinks, than the roll of bills.

PEOPLE MAY ride bicycles and ride bicycles, and there will be just as many free horses ridden to death as ever.



THE REVERSE TRUE.

PROHIBITION MISSIONARY.—You are so poor only because you are intoxicated half your time.

THE BIBULOUS ONE.—Thash not it, gent. I'm only 'tox-cated half m' time 'cause I'm so poor!

## THE REASON OF IT.

The Ahkoond of Swat was proudly reviewing his bands of irregular horse.

"It is no wonder—"

He watched with delight their wild and daring horsemanship—

"I'm proud of those fellows.

Ain't they just the cheese?"

A thought seized him.

"That's it!" he said; "now, at last, I know the whey it was they got their name of Kurds!"

Chuckling softly to himself, he ordered his secretary to jot down his little joke and typewrite it in duplicate for the evening papers.

A LETTER-CARRIER — The absent-minded husband.

BE SURE you are right, and then stop and see what is wrong.



WONDERFUL.

VAN DUCK (showing GUEST around his house).—And this gun was carried by my great-great-grandfather all through the Revolution. A wonderful relic, is n't it?

GUEST (noticing date stamped on lock).—Wonderful! Why, it is nothing short of miraculous.

VAN DUCK (puzzled).—Miraculous?

GUEST.—Yes; for a man to carry a gun through the Revolution that was n't made till 1810!

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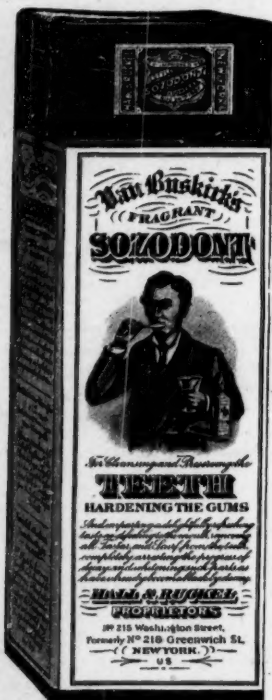


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LAURA BREAKER (in the year 1905).—Have you got the money yet?  
BURGLAR SUE.—Now; confound it! I can't find his pocket.  
—Norristown Herald.

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GEORGE LUDERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

PASSENGER.—Don't the passengers make you tired with the questions they ask?  
CAPTAIN.—Yes; very much. What else is it you want to know?  
—Yonkers Statesman.

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Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.



INJURED.

HE.—I'm really surprised at Dr. White. After being our family doctor for years, and treating me for all sorts of things, and to think of all the money we've paid him, too!  
SHE.—What has he done?  
HE.—He would n't pass me for the life insurance company!

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**MAIL POUCH**

**NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED**

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DEFEAT is the poultice that draws endeavor to the surface.—Detroit Free Press.

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Cured by Bromo-Seltzer.  
Trial bottle free.

THE rainbow of hope for the workman appears to be humping itself.—West Union Gazette.

THE one thing in this country that Altgeld does not think ought to be different is the Governor of Illinois.—Washington Post.

"JUST FOR FUN."—We have received this week from the PUCK Publishing Company its latest book, "JUST FOR FUN," by that prince of humorists, F. B. Oppen. His previous books, "PUCK'S OPPEER BOOK," and "THIS FUNNY WORLD, AS PUCK SEES IT," all enjoyed immense runs. "JUST FOR FUN," in addition to its 56 pages in colors and in black-and-white, contains a very fine half-tone



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THE Trilby girl graduate will expect to put her foot in it.—Adams Freeman.

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TICK.

FARMER HARDACRE, being shown the town:—What is this machine?  
His NEPHEW.—Why, that is what they call a "ticker."  
FARMER HARDACRE (astounded).—Great Jiminy! This tavern-keeper will be ruined in a week. Just look at the tick he is givin' them fellers. (Reads.) "P. R. R. 50; N. Y. C. 94; A. T. C. 90; C. M. S. 117."

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MURDEROUS UN-  
CLE. — I want some  
arsenic, enough to kill  
two boys.  
**POLITE DRUGGIST.**  
— It is against the law  
to sell arsenic, but  
there is a fruit-stand  
around the corner.—  
*New York Weekly.*

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labeled "Temperance  
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DEALER.—They  
are warranted not to  
be tight.—*Detroit Free  
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ter back it up wid."—  
*Washington Star.*

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**PHYSICIAN.**—You  
say that your husband  
acts as if he were in-  
sane at times. When  
do these spells come  
on?  
**WIFE.**—The day  
the home club wins.—  
*Norristown Herald.*

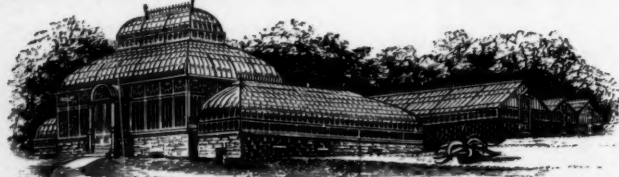
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## HER GRIEF.

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating some curds and whey;  
Said she: "Very tough it  
Is that my name's Muffet,  
For really it should be Muffet."  
—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

## A DEPARTURE.

"I guess," said the man with a poli-  
tical boom, "that it's time for me to  
attract some attention; to show a little  
originality and bring myself into the  
popular mind on a conspicuous foot-  
ing."

"How are you going to do it?" in-  
quired his wife.

"I'll go away from home and admit  
to the newspaper men that my visit has  
some political significance."—*Washing-  
ton Post.*



## MONEY TELLS.

**MR. DOOLEY.**—Sure, that's the  
foine invitation! All yez need to do  
is to shtand fornisht it an' it tells  
yer weight!

**CUPID** has many  
imitators.—*West Union  
Gazette.*

For an appetizer Cook's  
Extra Dry Imperial  
Champagne leads all.  
For 40 years it has taken  
the lead for its purity.

A GIRL can have  
more fun dreaming of  
an impossibility than  
a man has with the  
money in his pocket.  
—*Atchison Globe.*

**BOKER'S BITTERS,**  
a specific against Dys-  
pepsia, an appetizer  
and a delicacy in  
drinks.

No, Maud, the ser-  
mon on the mount had  
no reference whatever  
to bicycling.—*Norristown Herald.*

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**SKIN and SCALP**

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Speedy Relief by Using

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by a crooked nose, cleverly rejuvenated by  
Dermatologist JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 43d  
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Send 5c. for sample package.  
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positing a penny).—Nawthin! Thru for ye the  
men in this country dthat has no money has no  
weight!

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On Monday, June 24th, the West Shore Railroad inaugurated its regular Summer service, which is greatly improved over former years, many new local trains having been added to the schedule.

The Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Long Branch, New York, Catskill Mountains, Lake Minnewaske, Saratoga and Lake George cars commenced their regular trips on this date. The local train service has been greatly improved. The time of the through buffet, drawing and sleeping-car service to Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis has been greatly shortened, arrangements having been made to run the day coaches and baggage cars on the N. Y. C. & St. L. limited through without change.

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EDITOR.—We are nearly two columns short of matter. What is to be done?

REPORTER.—I'll interview Mrs. Leggings for five minutes on the bloomer question.

EDITOR.—All right. But you must condense the article so as to get it in two columns. — *Norristown Herald.*

THERE is one thing to the credit of the devil: he never at any time did business in his wife's name. — *Albion Globe.*



## RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

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### SHE TOLD THE TRUTH.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. "Er—excuse me, Madam, but you can't really mean it," rejoined the astonished male.

"Certainly. I'm the lady with the iron jaw in the dime museum." — *Washington Post.*

### A MIND READER.

DRIZZLE.—I hear that you are going to put up a new building on this corner sometime.

CHIZZLE.—That's very true; but I can't understand how you managed to get the date so exact. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

### OUT OF PRACTICE.

"It seems to me," said the manager, "that you do that part of receiving the money from the chief villain in a most awkward manner."

"Mebbe I do," admitted the actor; "it has been so long since I had any chance to rehearse with the real stuff." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

### CREDITS AND NON-CREDITS.

EDITOR.—Ha, ha, ha! Here's a mighty good thing in the *Weekly Funmaker*. Funniest thing I've read for a long while. Clip it out and print it.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.—Shall I credit it to the *Weekly Funmaker*?

EDITOR.—No-o! It's too good to credit to anybody. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

### LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"I wonder why so short a man as Bimley should marry such a tall girl as Miss Tupper?"

"Probably the same reason that induced Miss Tupper to marry a little fellow like Bimley." — *Rockland Tribune.*

SOCIETY'S trademark is a big S with parallel lines extending its length.

— *Adams Freeman.*

## Delightful Summer Reading.

### ZIGZAG TALES.

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### A DELUDED WEST-ERNER.

OREGONIAN.—Is it true that you Bostonians eat nothing but beans?

BOSTONIAN.—Why, certainly not! We invariably eat pork with them! — *Roxbury Gazette.*

### A PAIR OF WHYS.

SHE (coming down late).—Why do you always wear that yachting cap? You are never on a yacht.

HE.—Why do you wear that watch? You are never on time. — *Detroit Free Press.*

### A SETTLEMENT IN FULL.

"Old Moneybags is an eccentric old man; he makes every check he writes a receipt within itself."

"He does?"

"Yes. When his daughter married that Italian nobleman he gave them his check, on the face of which he wrote, to balance a count." — *Atlanta Constitution.*

### WHAT WAS NEEDED.

MISS OLFAM.—I see that you are cultivating Miss Nuritch lately.

MR. POARWUN.—Well, does n't she need cultivating about as much as any person you know? — *Detroit Free Press.*

### THE POLITE EDITOR.

CALLER.—I have a little poem which—

EDITOR (busily).—That gentleman over there, sir.

CALLER (genially).—Is he the literary critic?

EDITOR (politely).—No; he's the bouncer. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

### WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.

"Never be too precipitate, my son," was the advice of the aged bunter to his eldest son, who was about to start out in business for himself. "A leg is like a watermelon—it should not be pulled till it is ripe." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

### WOULD NOT DECEIVE THEM.

"Do you think that Blickens would deceive a friend?"

"Of course not. None of his friends would believe a word he says." — *Washington Star.*

### A SUFFICIENT INFLUENCE.

"What led you to such a place as this?" asked the visiting clergyman.

"A double-jointed policeman an' a pair o' han' cuffs," sullenly replied the prisoner. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

## Try a Bottle of Evans' India Pale Ale

It's sure to please you.

## If you want Richer Blood now is the time to drink EVANS' STOUT



### Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is good and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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THE bicycle girl may know nothing about cooking; but if she sticks to her wheel on some of our hills, these hot Summer days, she'll know something about broiling. — *Vonkers Statesman.*

### PHOTO-CHROMOSCOPE.

Sensational Photographic Novelty. Pamphlets sent free (Name this paper.) A. L. BUREAU, rue Rousseau 19, PARIS

WORK like the old scratch when you are feeling good, for you are not going to feel good long. — *Albion Globe.*

For steady nerves and good sleep use Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.

### MUGGY DAYS.

The muggy days have come again.  
With damp, moist heat and thunder;  
When beer delights the sons of men  
And starched shirts are a blunder.

— *New York Recorder.*

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an appetizer, use BAKER'S BITTERS.

FORTUNATELY, man neglects many sins. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EVERY girl should label her heart "No Admittance Except on Business." — *Florida Times-Union.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINELOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



The solemn and unconscious humor of Mr. William McKinley's speeches long ago placed him in the front rank of American fun-makers.



The quaint and comical bi-metallic juggling act of Mr. D. B. Hill entitles him, without doubt, to be classed as one of the greatest of our unconsciously funny men.



The laughable and fantastic editorials of Mr. Whitelaw Reid cause ripples of amusement wherever the N. Y. Tribune is read.



MARK TWAIN (as BILL N.Y.).—What, in the name of Artemus Ward, is going to become of us, if this thing keeps on?



The side-splitting antics of those acrobatic humorists known as the "Jingoes" have given them a national reputation with those who like good fun.



And the delightfully absurd nonsense of the author of "Coin's Financial School" is convulsing the entire nation.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF AMERICAN HUMOR.—THE MEN WHO ARE FUNNY WITHOUT KNOWING IT.